

AUTUMN  
ISSUE  
No. 16

10¢

# BLACKHAWK

HUDDLES  
*for*  
ACTION!







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



**WANTED!** *Skinny Weaklings* to become **HE-MEN**

Let me **PROVE**  
I can make **YOU**  
**TOUGH AS**  
**TARZAN**

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Send only 25c in full payment for my test course "Molding a Mighty Arm." Try it for one night! Experience the thrilling strength that will surge through your muscles. But better order all five courses for \$1.00!

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**FIVE Famous Courses**  
NOW in BOOK FORM  
**ONLY 25c EACH**  
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Think of it—all 5 of these famous course-books for only ONE DOLLAR—or any one of them for 25c. If you're not delighted with these famous muscle-building books—if you don't actually FEEL results within ONE WEEK, send them back and your money will be promptly refunded!

Don't let this opportunity get away from you! And don't forget—by sending the FREE GIFT COUPON at once you receive a FREE copy of the famous Jowett book, "Nerves of Steel, Muscles of Iron."



SEND FOR JOWETT'S  
PHOTO BOOK OF  
FAMOUS STRONG MEN!

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- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> All 5 Famous Courses complete for which I enclose \$1.00 in full payment.  | <input type="checkbox"/> Molding a Mighty Chest, 25c |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Molding a Mighty Arm, 25c  | <input type="checkbox"/> Molding a Mighty Back, 25c  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Molding a Mighty Leg, 25c  |  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Molding a Mighty Grip, 25c   |  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Send all 5 C.O.D. (\$1.00 plus post.) no orders less than \$1. send C.O.D. |  |

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ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_



BLACKHAWK

# BLACKHAWK



## NEW WORLDS TO CONQUER!

The untameless spirit of adventure in man looks toward the heavens at the next frontier of the race!

Maybe it is foolish ... maybe it is glorious ... but the mighty, flying fighting **BLACKHAWKS** help a pioneer of the inter-stellar spaces on his way **OUT OF THIS WORLD!**



# BLACKHAWK

At home on Blackhawk Island, the greatest troupe of adventurers in world history confer....



HYAR BAN TOAST TO US--- DAS **BLACK-HAWKS!** WE BAN FIGHT AND FLY ON LAND, SEA AND IN DER AIR!

EYER THINK THAT THERE MAY BE GREATER ADVENTURES WAITING **BEYOND** LAND, SEA AND AIR?



SACRE NOM, YOU MEAN OUT OF ZE ATMOSPHERE? ZE FLIGHT TO ZE STARS? EES SUCH A THING POSSIBLE YET?

I WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED --- FROM WHAT I'VE HEARD OF THE ROCKET EXPERIMENTS OF MAYNARD TROYER!

Others know the name Blackhawk has spoken. In a government laboratory...

THIS IS A POWERFUL ROCKET FUEL! IT CAN DO SCIENTIFIC MONDERS! OR, IN THE WRONG HANDS, SCIENTIFIC TERRORS!

BUT NO PRIVATE EXPERIMENTER HAS EVER GONE SO FAR---EXCEPT MAYNARD TROYER! AND WE CAN TRUST HIS GOOD SENSE AND HONESTY!



Still another conference...

YOU PAID US TO WORK FOR YOU, MR. MORTIS! WHAT'S THE KNOCKOVER TO BE---A BANK--A JEWELRY STORE, OR A---

NONE OF THESE! WE'RE GOING INTO THE COUNTRY TO THE LONELY LABORATORY OF MAYNARD TROYER!



WHAT'S THIS TROYER GUY GOT THAT WE WANT, MR. MORTIS?

**POWER!**





# BLACKHAWK

So various paths lead to the laboratory of Maynard Trover...

YOU AND I ARE GOING TO VISIT MAYNARD TROVER, BLACKHAWK? YOU INTERESTED IN FLYING ACROSS SPACE?

COULD BE, CHUCK? ANYWAY, TROVER AND I ARE OLD FRIENDS. I WANT TO SEE HOW HE'S GETTING ALONG.



SEE YOU LATER, GANG!



YOU THINK WE CAN IRON OUT THIS DIFFICULTY IN THE NEW FORMULA?

MAYBE WE CAN'T, BUT I'LL TALK TO TROVER. I'M SURE HE'LL BE GLAD TO HELP US!



WHO'S THAT GUY COMING, BOSS?

WHOEVER HE IS, HE'S WALKING INTO BAD LUCK. BE READY TO ELIMINATE HIM FROM OUR LITTLE DRAMA.



HE NEVER KNEW WHAT HIT HIM!

A LITTLE NOISY, BUT NEAT! MAYNARD TROVER WILL WONDER WHAT'S HAPPENING AT HIS FRONT GATE.



THAT SOUNDED LIKE GUNSHOTS OUTSIDE. WHAT CAN BE HAPPENING?



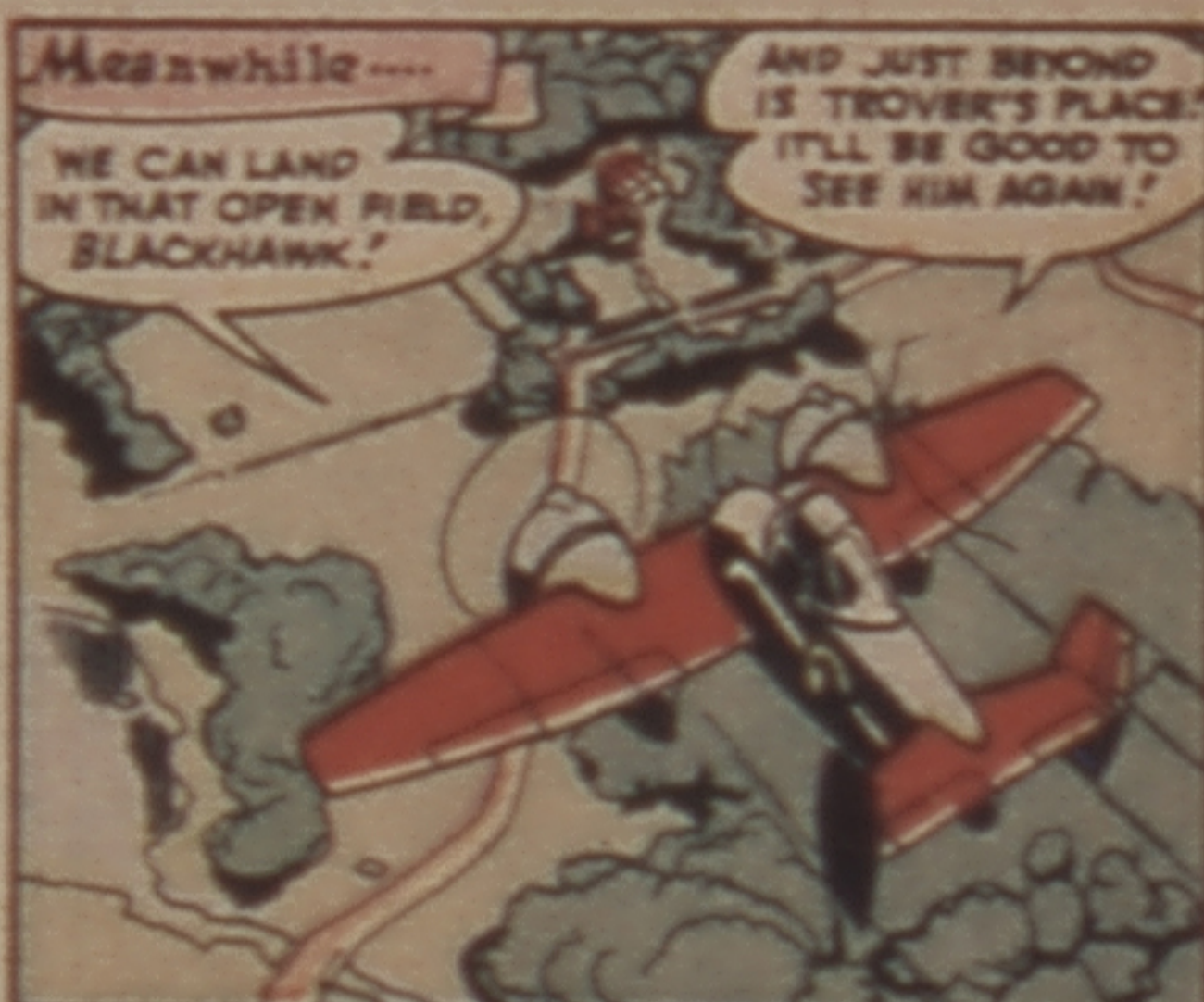
HAS THERE BEEN AN ACCIDENT OUT HERE?

ACCIDENT? NOT AT ALL. IT HAPPENED DELIBERATELY.



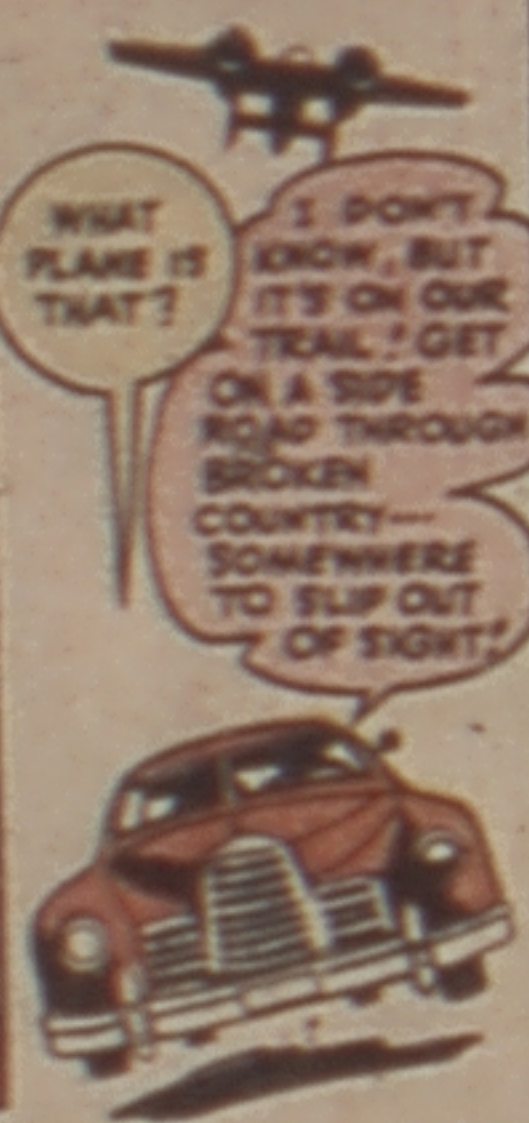


# BLACKHAWK





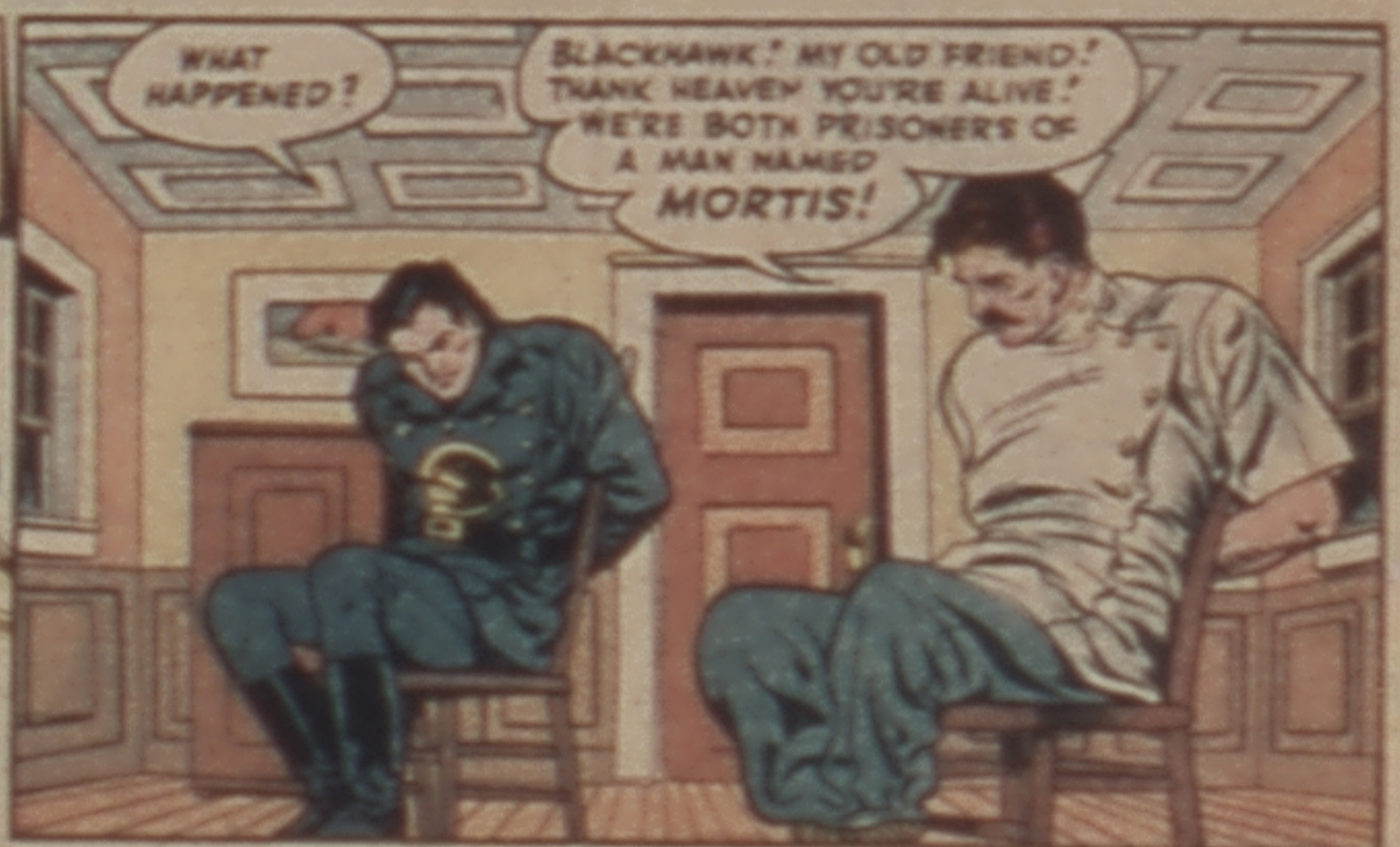
BLACKHAWK







An interval of blank darkness...then consciousness fights its way back to the stunned brain...





BLACKHAWK





# BLACKHAWK





BLACKHAWK





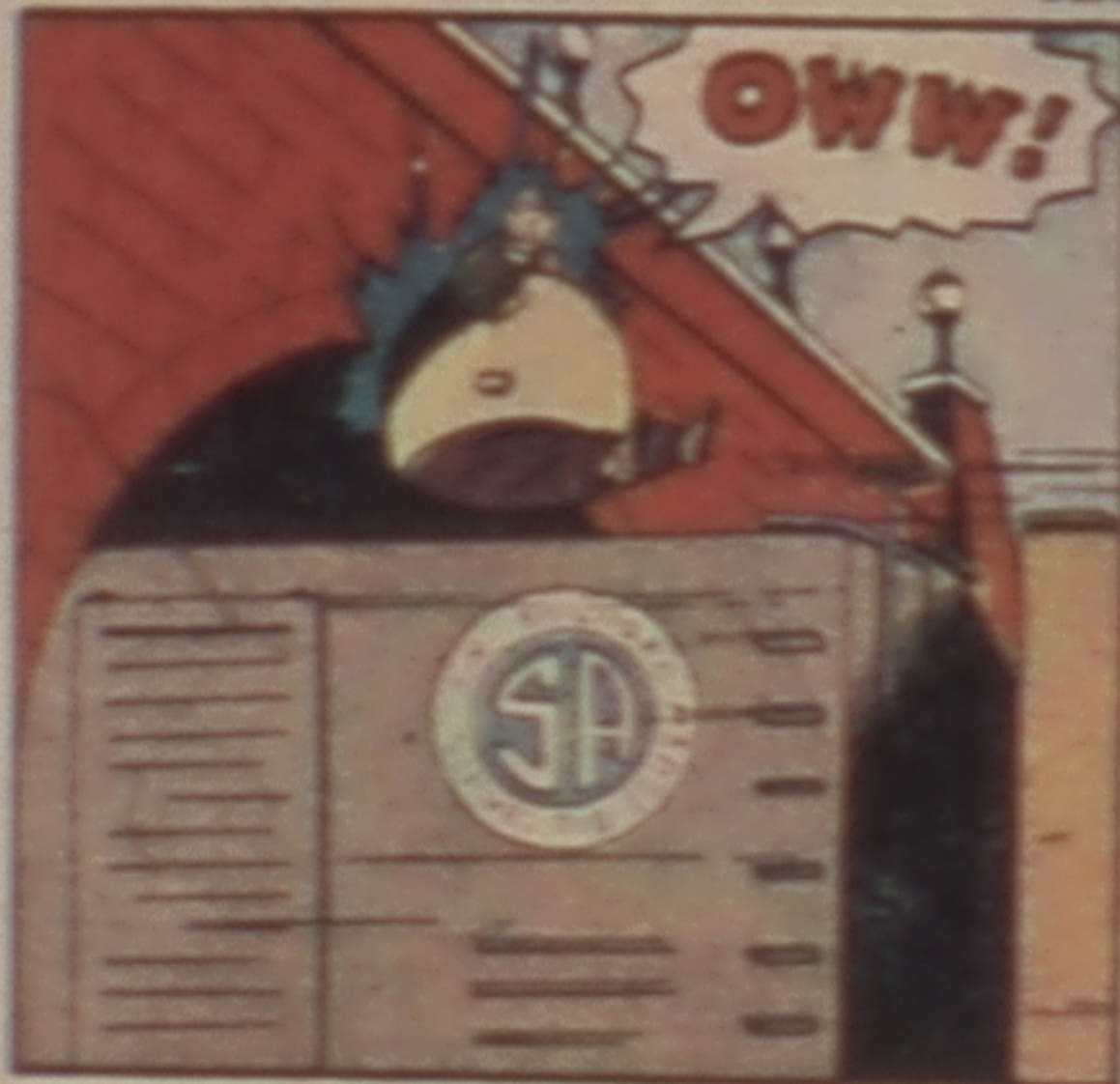
# BLACKHAWK













BLACKHAWK

# BLACKHAWK



OUT OF THE MOUNTAINS CAME A MENACE UNLIKE ANY THAT THE BLACKHAWKS EVER FACED BEFORE! SHOOPING ON GIGANTIC WINGS, MIGHTY BIRDS OF PREY FED RAVENOUSLY UPON THE MACHINE-BIRDS THAT MEN CALLED PLANES! AND THE BLACKHAWKS, KNIGHTS OF THE SKIES, SOARED TO DO BATTLE WITH WINGED CREATURES OF DESTRUCTION AND WITH THEIR HUMAN LEADER, THE ONE WHO CALLED HIMSELF

**THE CONDOR MAN!**



# BLACKHAWK

In the office of the Evening Courier...



I JUST WANT AN INTERVIEW, BLACKHAWK! IT'D BE A REAL SCOOP FOR ME, AND I KNOW OUR READERS WANT TO KNOW ALL ABOUT YOUR THRILLING EXPLOITS!

Twenty-four hundred miles away...

THE ANSWER IS NO! DEFINITELY, NO! I DON'T WANT ANY PUBLICITY FOR MYSELF OR ANY OF THE OTHER BLACKHAWKS! GOODBYE!



THAT'S THE EIGHTH TIME THAT GIRL REPORTER HAS CALLED ME BY SHORT WAVE! SHE NEVER GIVES UP!

BY YIMINY! SHE CAN BECOME A PEST!



WELL, THIS TIME SHE SHOULD BE CONVINCED! SURELY SHE WON'T TRY AGAIN!

I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT, BLACKHAWK -- BUT YOU CAN'T BE SURE ABOUT WOMEN!



WHAT'S YOUR DESTINATION, MISS LEWIS?

BLACKHAWK ISLAND! LET ME OFF AT MANDA ISLAND STOP! I'LL GO THE REST OF THE WAY BY BOAT! I BELIEVE I'LL FIND THE BLACKHAWK BASE NEARBY!



HMM! I WONDER IF BLACKHAWK KNOWS HE'S GETTING A VISITOR -- AND SUCH A PRETTY ONE, TOO! I'D BETTER LET HIM KNOW --- AS ONE FLYER TO ANOTHER!



And so, as the Island Clipper thunders toward Manda Island...

WON'T BLACKHAWK BE SURPRISED TO SEE ME!





Blackhawk is already preparing for his own departure...

TELL MISS DIANA LEWIS THAT I'VE GONE TO THE NORTH POLE FOR A VACATION AND I WON'T BE BACK FOR A HUNDRED AND THIRTY YEARS!

WE TELL-UM!



BLACKHAWK

SO LONG, GANG!

HAWKAAAA!



BLACKHAWK CERTAINLY FIGHTS SHY OF WOMEN!

YOU SAID BET! MISS DIANA LEWIS WILL BE ONE VERY DEESAPPOINTED WOMAN WHEN SHE ARRIVE AND NOT FIND BLACKHAWK!



IT'S LUCKY THAT CLIPPER PILOT WIRED ME THAT THIS NOSY GIRL REPORTER WAS COMING! I'LL BET SHE'D HAVE SETTLED DOWN ON THE ISLAND FOR A LITTLE LIGHT HOUSE-KEEPING!



I'LL TAKE A FLYING TOUR OF THE ISLANDS FOR A FEW DAYS! THEN I'LL GO BACK HOME WHEN MISS DIANA LEWIS IS SAFELY ON HER WAY... AND I HOPE WE WON'T BE BOTHERED BY HER AGAIN!



MEANWHILE, AS THE ISLAND CLIPPER APPROACHES ITS DESTINATION...

WE'RE CARRYING A LOAD OF HEAVY WEATHER!

I'LL START CLIMBING! MAYBE WE'LL FIND A HOLE IN THE CEILING!



IN THE NAME OF GLORY! WHAT'S THAT?

A GIANT CONDOR... DIVE!





HE'S SAVING ON US!  
IF WE CAN ONLY MAKE  
THAT CLOUD COVER...



HE'S  
GOT  
US!

IT'S SOME KIND  
OF MONSTER! HE--  
HE'S CARRYING US  
AS HE FLIES!

WHERE  
IS HE  
TAKING  
US?

IT--IT'S  
INCREDIBLE!

THERE'S NOTHING  
LIKE FLYING! ALONE  
UP HERE IN THE  
IMMENSITY OF  
SKY AND...

GREAT GLORY! I  
MUST BE SEEING  
THINGS!



LOOK! IT'S  
ANOTHER  
PLANE!

SAVE US!

I HOPE I'M HAVING A NIGHT-  
MARE! BUT IF I'M NOT, THIS  
IS ONE WAY TO DEAL WITH IT!







THAT SLOWED HIM UP A LITTLE! BUT HE'S STILL FLYING--- WITH FIVE HUNDRED BULLETS IN HIM!



SO WE'LL TRY THE SAME TREATMENT AGAIN! HE DOESN'T LIKE IT EVEN A LITTLE BIT!



ONE MORE SORTIE AND THERE'LL BE A NEW OCCUPANT FOR THE BIGGEST BIRD GRAVE EVER DUG!



THERE I GO, COUNTING MY CONDORS BEFORE THEY'RE HATCHED! THAT DOES FOR ME!



I COULD RIDE IT DOWN FOR A LANDING! BUT I LIKE TO DO IT THE HARD WAY!



GERONIMO!





MADE IT! BUT I'D  
HATE TO DO A RETAKE  
ON THAT STUNT!



HOWDY,  
FOLKS!

BLACKHAWK!  
IMAGINE  
MEETING YOU  
HERE!



I WAS JUST FLYING TO YOUR  
ISLAND FOR AN INTERVIEW!  
BUT THIS IS AS GOOD A  
PLACE AS ANY! MY NAME  
IS DIANA LEWIS!

GROAN!  
WHY DO  
THESE  
THINGS  
HAPPEN  
TO ME?



ONE HOUR  
LATER...

HOW OLD ARE  
YOU? WHEN DID  
YOU FIRST  
ORGANIZE THE  
BLACKHAWKS?  
HOW ABOUT...

ENOUGH  
QUESTIONS!  
IT'S TIME WE  
STARTED  
WORRYING  
ABOUT OUR  
PRESENT  
PREDICAMENT!



SOMETHING TELLS  
ME WE'RE COMING  
IN FOR A LANDING!  
HOLD ONTO YOUR  
HATS! WE MAY  
HIT HARD!



**CRASH**



BLACKHAWK



DIANA! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

SHE'S UNCONSCIOUS! WE'D BETTER GET OUT BEFORE THIS WRECKAGE CATCHES FIRE!

I-I WONDER WHERE WE ARE, AND-AND WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT MONSTROUS BIRD?



THE CONDOR IS DYING! EVEN A KING-SIZE BIRD LIKE THAT CAN'T SWALLOW THAT MUCH LEAD!

THE ISLAND'S DESERTED! WE'RE MARDOONED!



I'M NOT SO SURE THE ISLAND IS DESERTED! THERE MUST BE SOME REASON WHY THE CONDOR FLEW BACK HERE! LET'S TAKE A LOOK AROUND!



STEPS--- LEADING DOWN INTO A CAVE!

THERE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ANY ALTERNATIVE! SO WE'LL GO DOWN!



I HEAR FOOTSTEPS! SOMEONE'S COMING! MY LITTLE PET MUST HAVE BROUGHT BACK SOMEONE ALIVE THIS TIME!

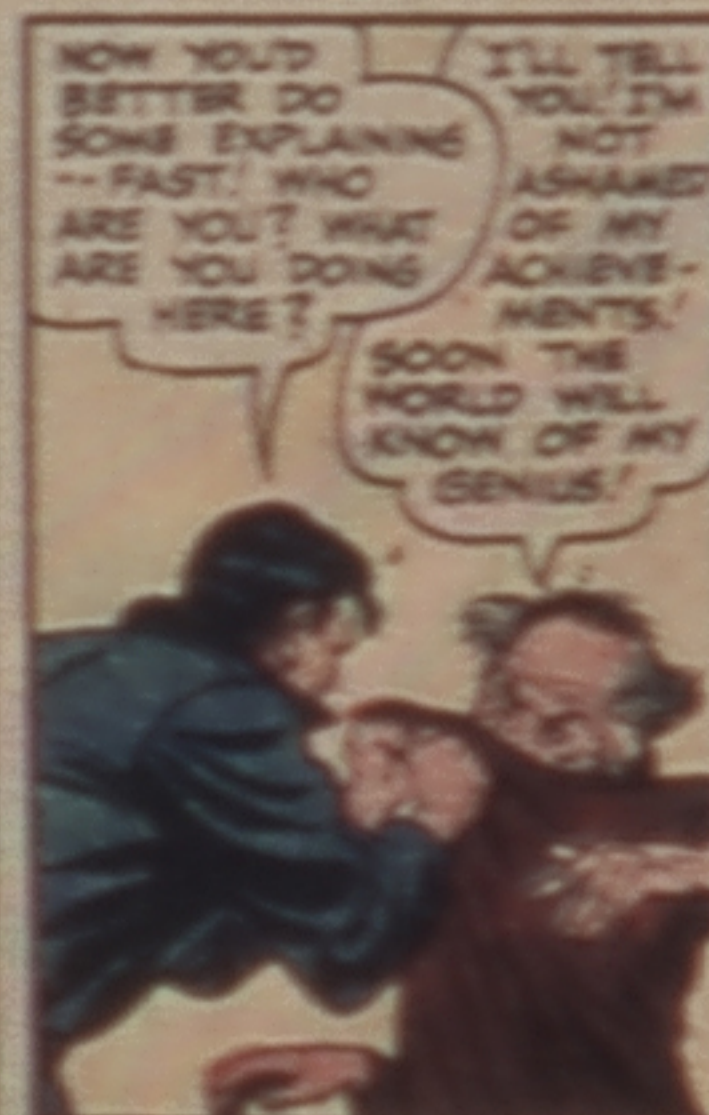
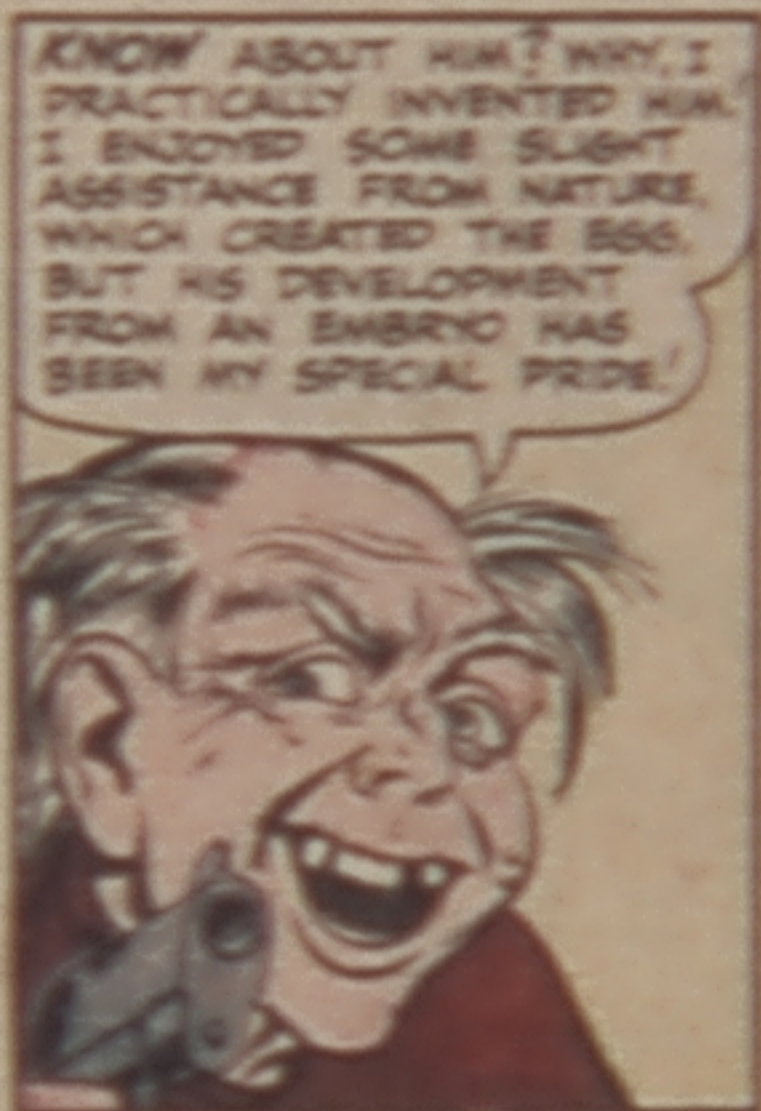


WELCOME, MY FRIENDS! I'M GLAD TO SEE MY CONDOR BROUGHT YOU HERE SAFELY! IT IS NOT HIS USUAL CUSTOM!

SO YOU KNOW ABOUT THE CONDOR, DO YOU?



BLACKHAWK





MY NAME IS HUGO ROGERS! YEARS AGO, WHEN I WAS A YOUNG PHYSIO-CHEMIST, I SPECIALIZED IN A STUDY OF THE GROWTH GLANDS!



"AFTER LONG, TERRIBLE STRUGGLES, I INVENTED A SERUM THAT ABNORMALLY ACTIVATED GROWTH. MY FIRST SUCCESS WAS A RABBIT... IT GREW TO THE SIZE OF A LARGE WOLF!"



"MY COLLEAGUES LAUGHED AT MY THEORIES. THEY CLAIMED MY SERUM WAS A FAKE. BUT ONE DAY I BROUGHT THEM TO MY LABORATORY...."



THE WOLF! HE--HE'S DEVoured HIM...

YOU MEAN YOUR GIANT RABBIT ISN'T HERE ANYMORE!

HA-HA! A LIKELY STORY! I ALWAYS KNEW ROGERS WAS A FAKER!

THEY WOULDN'T BELIEVE ME! DESPERATE, I TRIED TO REPEAT MY SUCCESS! BUT, SOMEHOW I COULDN'T FIND THE RIGHT SERUM AGAIN! I COULDN'T ENDURE THE RIDICULE MY EFFORTS BROUGHT UPON ME!

SO YOU RAN AWAY?



YES, I CAME HERE TO CARRY ON MY EXPERIMENTS! THE ONLY CREATURES WHO INHABITED THE ISLAND WERE LARGE CONDORS! SO I USED THEM, AND SOON I FOUND THE SERUM AGAIN!



TWO SPECIMENS DIED BECAUSE THEY GREW SO LARGE I COULD NOT FEED THEM PROPERLY! I DECIDED MY THIRD EXPERIMENT WOULD NOT FAIL AND I SENT THE CONDOR OUT TO FORAGE FOR HIMSELF!

YOU KNEW THAT SOONER OR LATER HE WOULD PREY UPON HUMAN BEINGS!

YES--I KNEW THAT! BUT I WAS WILLING TO MAKE THE SACRIFICE FOR SCIENCE!

YOU'RE A MURDERER!



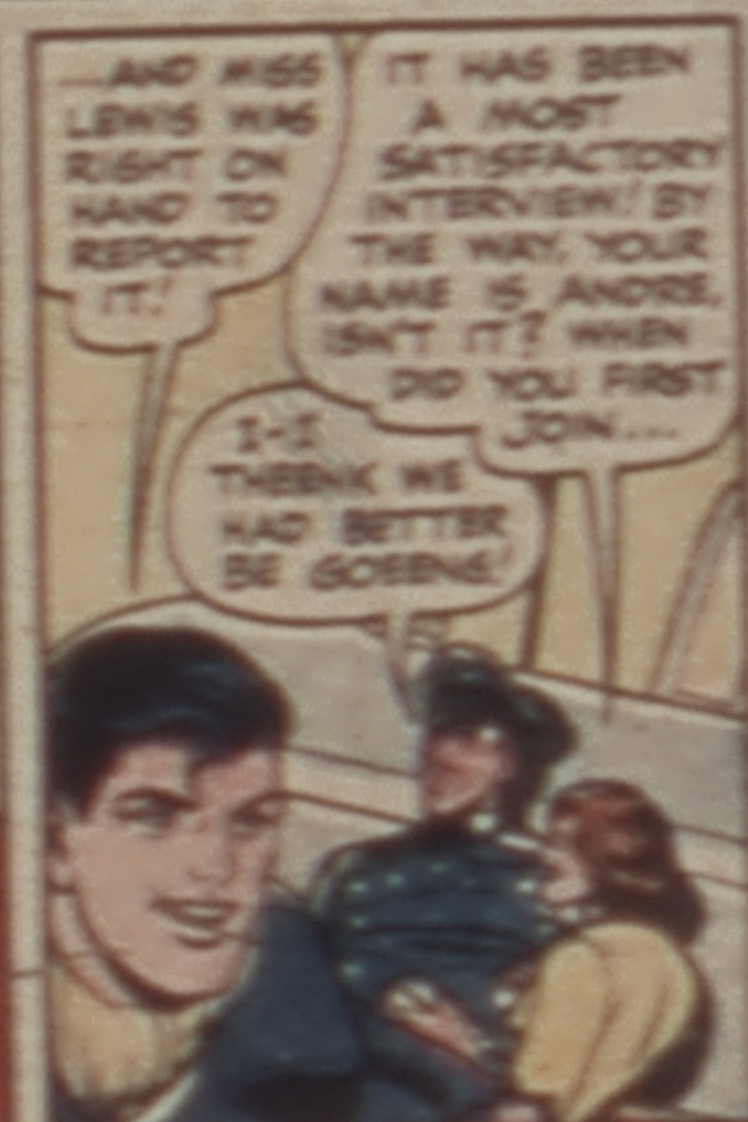
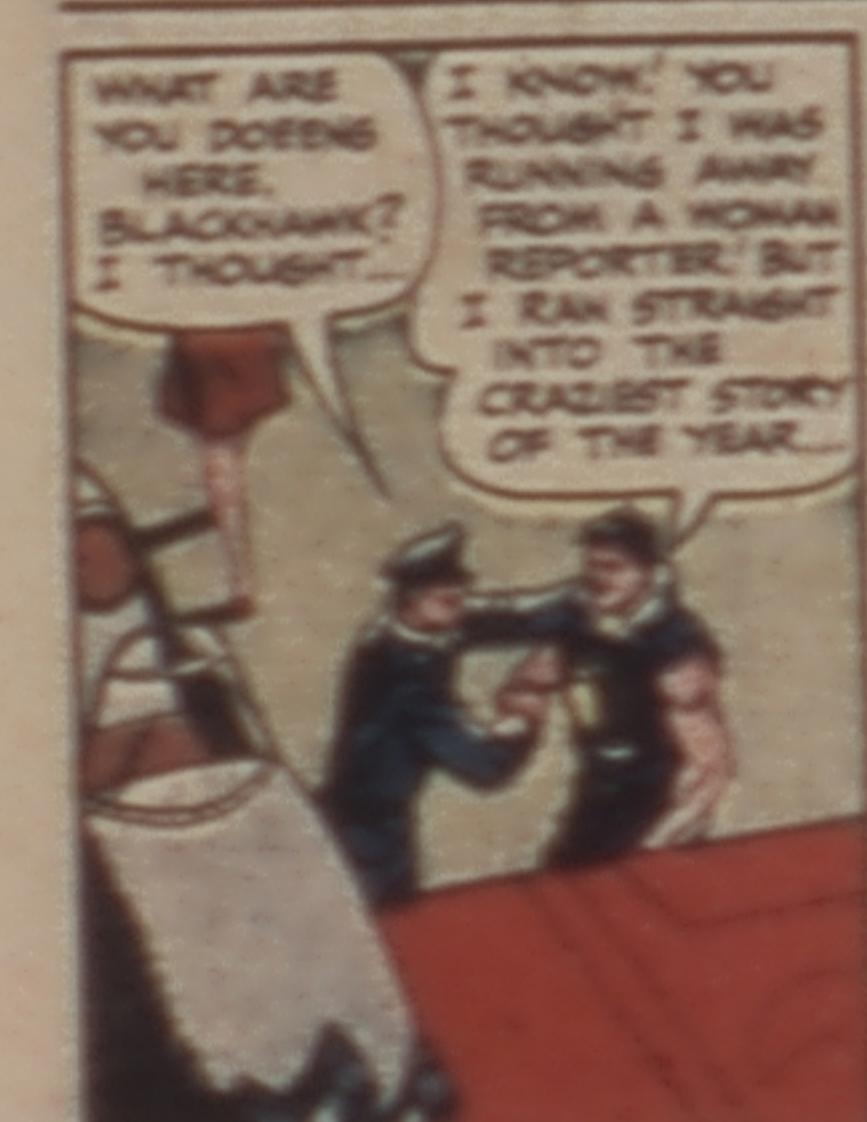


BLACKHAWK





# BLACKHAWK





# CHOP CHOP





BLACKHAWK







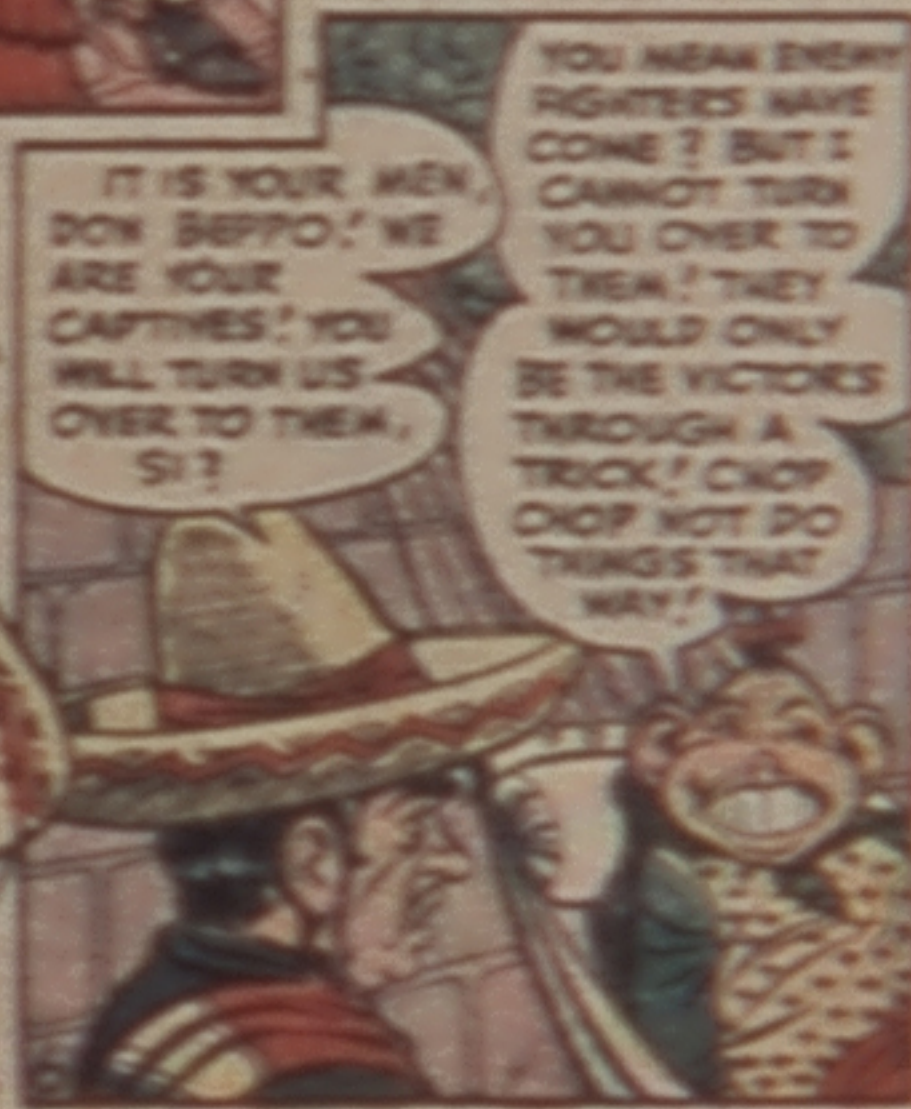






















BLACKHAWK

# Little Nettie's *Whoo!*

**W**ALKING rapidly through the dense, black forest, Trapper Boone thought of the Iroquois superstition that clung over this part of New York. It had been in existence for nearly a quarter of a century. It had to do with a Mohawk raid on the village of Benton Fort in the year 1811.

Trapper Boone unconsciously quickened his steps. He was now within three miles of the ruins of Benton Fort, which had been burned to the ground during the raid. People—whites too—had not rebuilt the village. In fact, they had all moved out of the region because of the Indian superstition.

An owl hooted dimly in a distant oak, and another answered from close by. Boone gave a quick look around and once over his shoulder, as if he could see anything in this utter gloom. A little shiver tingled his spine. That superstition!

How did it go? Oh, yes. The Harlan family had lived a mile or more from Benton Fort. They had cleared a small place which Jed Harlan and his wife grubbed, plowed, and raised enough for their family to live by. There had been two children in the little family—Baxter, aged ten, and his sister, Nettie, then only three.

The Mohawks had crept down upon them one night in '11 and without warning had murdered Jed and his wife and Baxter in their beds. They had not found little Nettie. In fact, they had not known about her until they had fired the cabin and the infant's agonized cries came to their ears.

Ever after that, so 'twas said, Nettie's cries could be heard on dark nights in these woods. Of course, most people shrugged off such Indian talk. But there were as many who believed in the legend. There were those who had heard the child's screams here in this lonely wood.

Trapper Boone never had, he was happy to admit. Nor did he want to. He wasn't what you'd call superstitious, but then you never knew. . . .

A small animal scampered away in front of

him, and Boone jumped. The critter made a ruckus in the leaves. Boone hurried his steps still more. He wanted to reach Louisburgh before morning, where he had left his considerable catch of furs. Old Man Linden always paid a good price for a prime catch.

Trapper Boone wished he could indulge in a smoke, but he refrained. No sense in inviting some redskin tomahawk. "Keep yer ha'r as long as you can," was an adage among the trappers of the country. Plenty of them lost their hair to the Indian scalping knives as it was.

It was just about at this point, Boone recalled, that he had been ambushed once a couple of years back. It had been nip and tuck, but he'd kept his hair only because he had shot fast and straight.

He hummed a little tune under his breath and wished he was out of the woods. But it was a long ten miles until he came to open country. The night seemed to be clouding up some. Boone didn't like rain, but one thing it did: it kept the Indians in their camps.

A few drops fell, rattling on the leaves. A streak of heat lightning zigzagged across the southern sky. Yep, it looked like one of those summer rain storms brewing. Well, let 'er rip!

It was just then that Boone heard it. The hair on the back of his neck stood up, and a cold hand clutched him about the neck.

Yes, it was a low, sobbing scream of a baby. A baby in torture. A baby writhing in the flames of a burning cabin. The cry sounded far off, then it seemed nearer. It was hard to tell distances and sounds in the deep woods. But there was the cry again.

"Wow!" gasped Boone as he put on still more speed. "That's her, all right. That's Nettie, a-sobbin' an' cryin' in the ashes of her cabin!"

He was near the ruins of the Harlan cabin now. The trail went that way, and there was no going around. He'd have to approach near that haunted ruins.

The cry came again. This time it was a low,



quivering scream, ending in a series of choked sobs.

"Mumby," said Boone under his breath, "please let the infant sleep peacefully."

But the infant wasn't sleeping. Her awful wails came murmuring through the dark forest, and the owls and other night birds were silent.

As Trapper Boone strode on, feeling his scalp tighten with every outburst of crying and weeping, he thought, "They're right, those redskins. It's really the ghost of little Nettle!"

Then he was striding through the ashes of Harlan's cabin. They were cold, sodden now, after the passing of years. He hurried, hoping the sounds of that wailing baby wouldn't come again.

But he had only gone a hundred yards when the cries broke out again. This time they were more desperate, as if the child were doing its utmost to call to someone. Its screams tore through the darkness in a terrible burst of agony. Then they began fading out, until, with a stifled gasping, they ended.

Boone silently thanked his stars the sounds were over. But the tingling was still with him as he waded through the ever-dampening forest. The rain was coming down now in a half-torrent, and his leather jacket was wet through.

The cold gray fingers of dawn were streaking the darkness from the east when he saw in the near-distance Laupherg's close-packed group of cabins. Old Man Linden's General Store housed nearer. It was the largest log structure in the state, twice as well.

Boone was welcomed by the little old trader, who promptly had his Indian serving woman bring a plate with hot food. Boone was famished, and he gobbled the food, gripping a huge mug of steaming coffee.

After he had finished and lit his pipe, Boone said, "Josh," and the old man looked up from his account book.

"Did you ever hear the Harlan baby cryin' in the woods?"

Linden grinned. "Ye ain't gettin' superstitious in yer old age, be ye, Henry? I heard tell of this here baby screamin' back in the bush, but I ain't never put no stick in it. Why?"

"I heard her, and Boone solemnly. "I heard her, plain as I hear that maulin' jack rattle now."

The old trader chuckled. "Ye stayin' too long in th' back country, Henry. Ye better come to th' village soon."

Boone shook his head. "No, Josh. I ain't feelin'. I heard that baby cryin', sure. I was close to her somewhere out there in the woods. Made my skin crawl, it did."

"Wal, say, now," said Linden, "come to think on it, was another feller come through here las' week what swore he heard her a-wibbin'. I wonder now."

"I'm going to find out about this thing, Josh," said Boone, rising from the table. "I'm goin' back there an' search them woods good. Kin I berry Little Fox?"

"Shure, Henry. I'll call th' Injun right now." Linden went to the back door and yelled for Little Fox. In a moment a tall, stalwart Mohawk came in and stood silently.

"Little Fox," said Boone, "nobody is a better tracker nor you, be they?"

The Indian inclined his head. "Good tracker ar," he granted.

"Then come on," Boone picked up his long rifle and set out, the Indian following. A few hours later they came to the ashes of the Harlan cabin.

"Somewhere around here I expect to find some tracks of a little gal, Little Fox," said Boone. "We kin start lookin' now."

The Indian stooped close to the ground and began a circle of the ruins. He found nothing, but kept widening the circle. A few minutes later he said, "Here, tracks. Rabbit tracks. Come."

Boone followed, wondering why he should be interested in a rabbit's tracks. He wanted baby tracks. But in a moment the Indian came into a small clearing, where a mossy round stone appeared. It looked like a tiny pond covered with lichen. It made a plopping sound and quietly disappeared. He threw another, a large stone. It too slowly vanished. He stuck a stick into the green, drew it up. Its end was covered with a black, sticky mass. He touched it. It was pitch.

"Rabbit got caught in pitch," said the Indian. "He can't get loose. Cry out in night. Sound like baby crying. Me know. Ghost story but true."



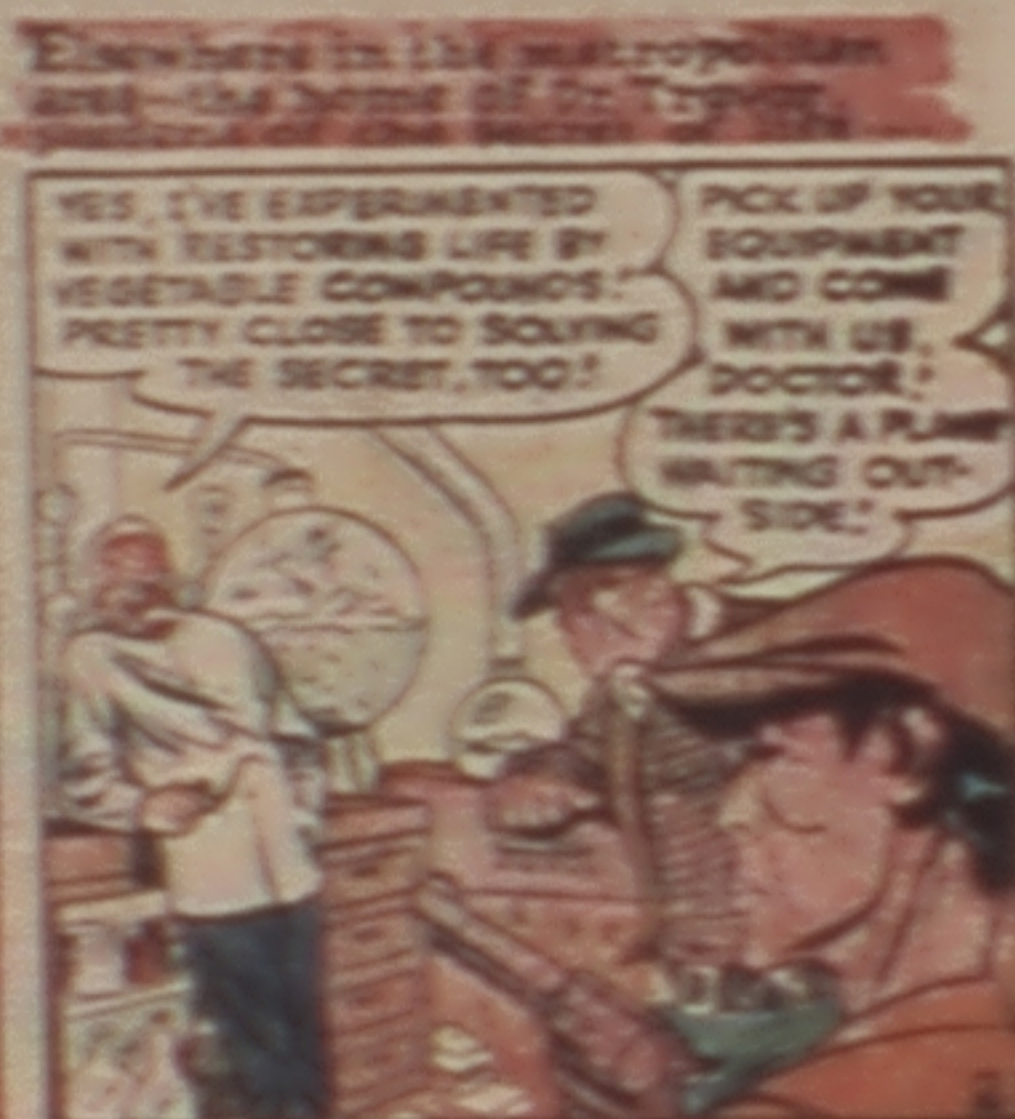
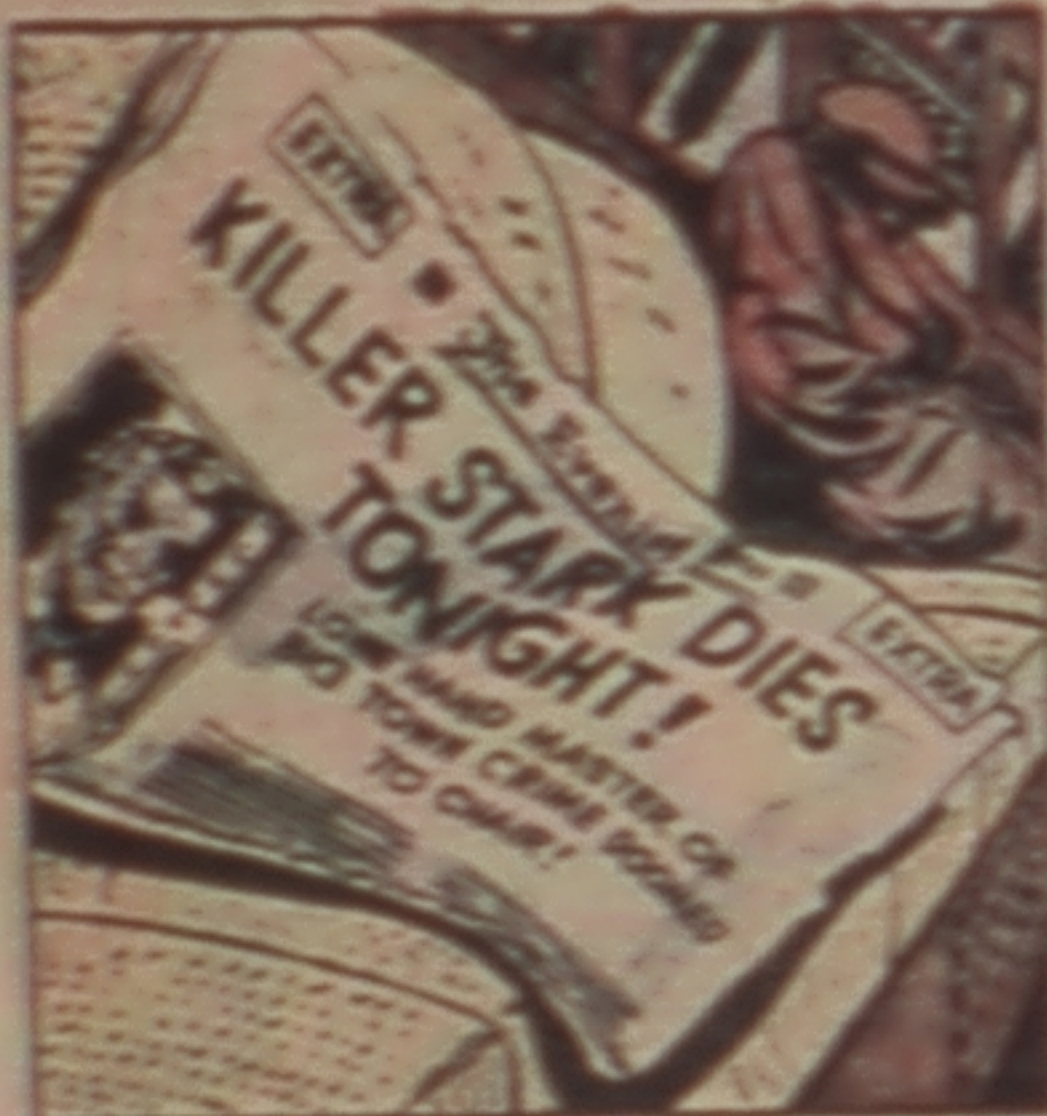
BLACKHAWK

# Blackhawk



Not even the Electric Chair spelled finish to **STARK, THE SCOUNDREL!** How then could the **BLACKHAWKS** outwit him? But though he guarded the grim secret of his return to life, he failed to learn the secret that meant his final **DOOM!**







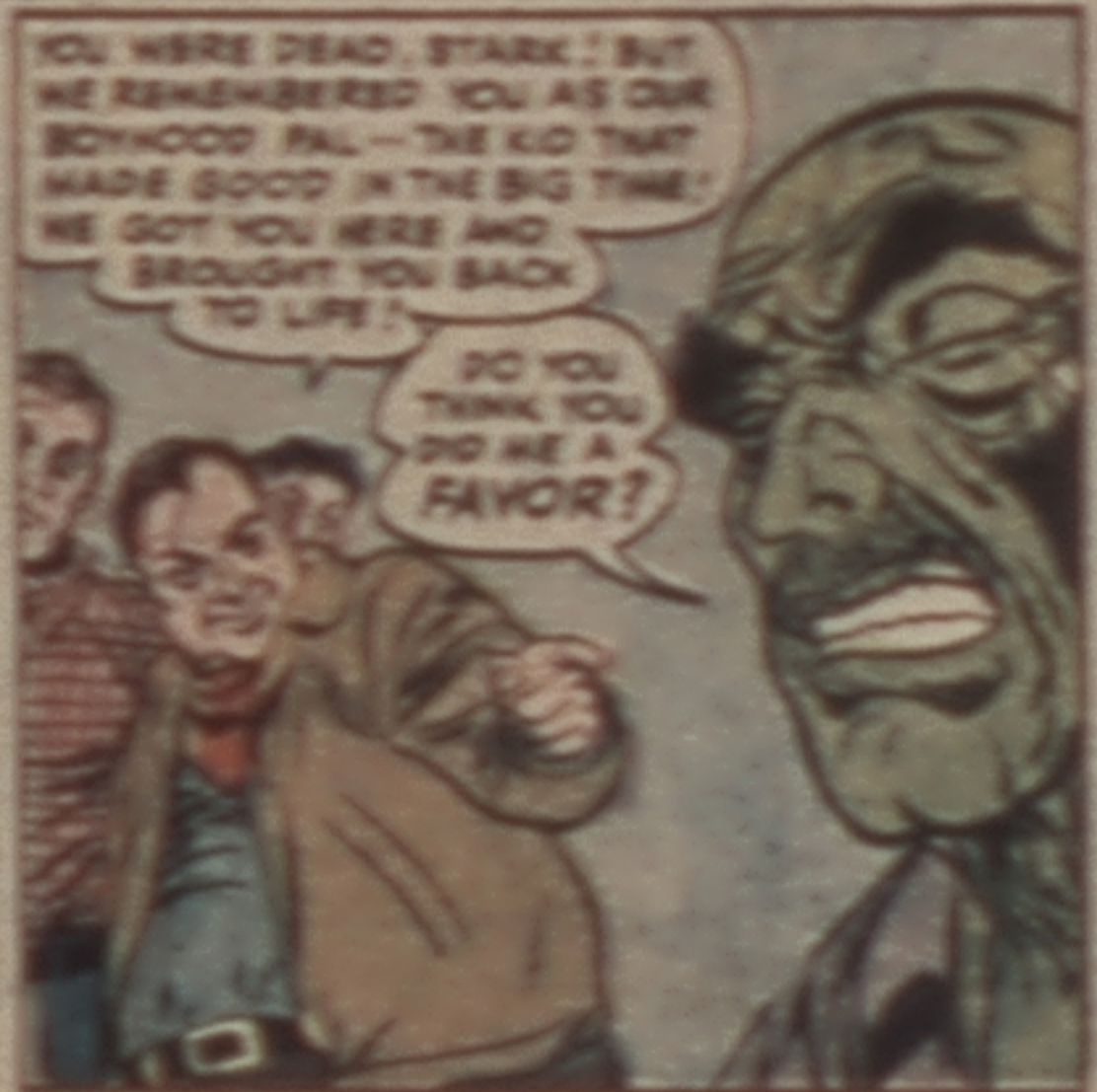






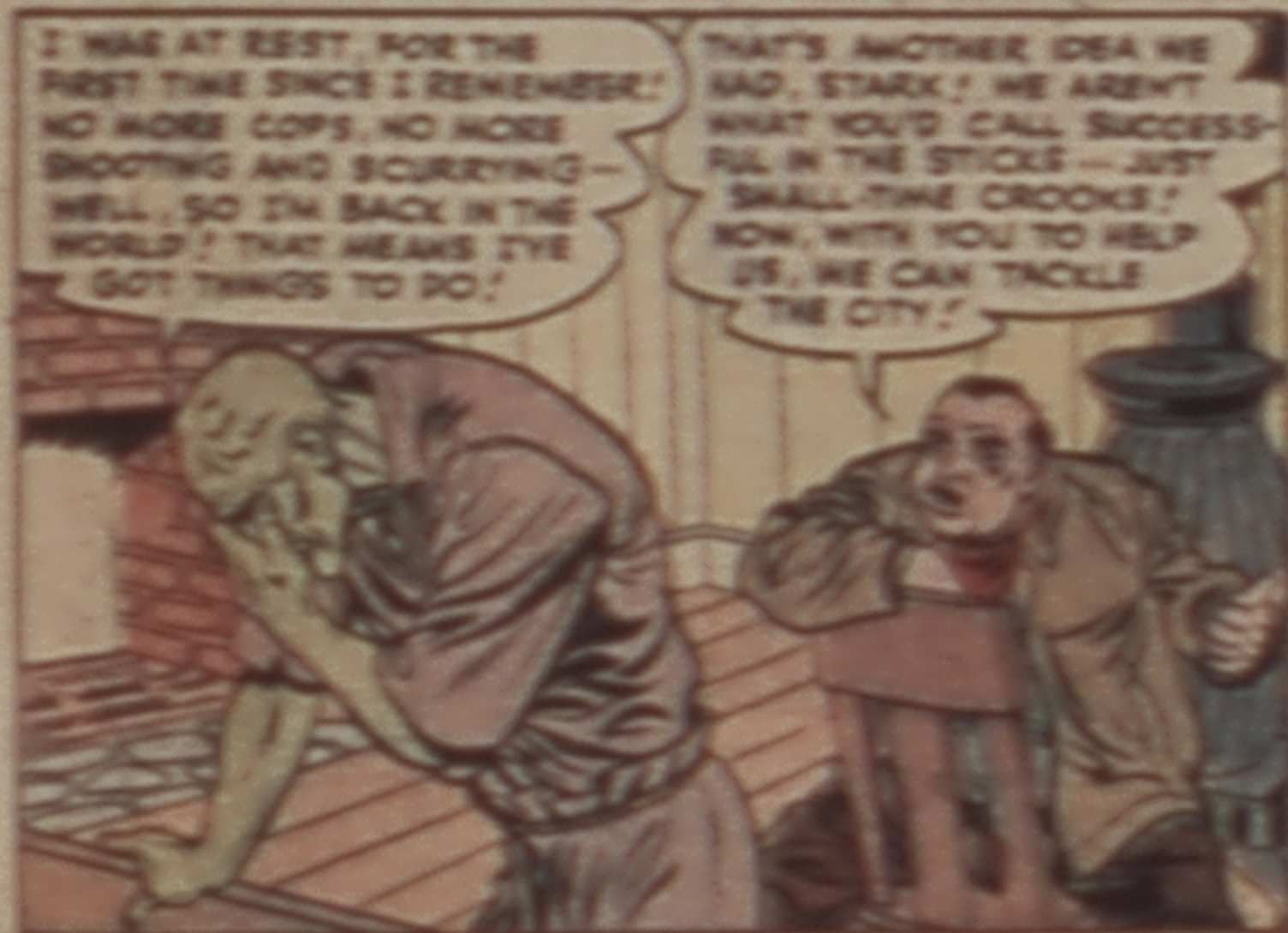
HE'S TURNED GREEN — THE DOC'S VEGETABLE SERUM MUST HAVE DONE THAT!

HELLO, STUBBY! HOW DID I GET HERE? LAST THING I REMEMBER I WAS SITTING IN THE CHAIR IN THE PENITENTIARY!



YOU WERE DEAD, STARK! BUT WE REMEMBERED YOU AS OUR BOYHOOD PAL — THE KID THAT MADE GOOD IN THE BIG TIME! WE GOT YOU HERE AND BROUGHT YOU BACK TO LIFE!

DO YOU THINK YOU DID ME A FAVOR?



I WAS AT REST, FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE I REMEMBER! NO MORE COPS, NO MORE SHOOTING AND SCURRYING — WELL, SO I'M BACK IN THE WORLD! THAT MEANS I'VE GOT THINGS TO DO!

THAT'S ANOTHER IDEA WE HAD, STARK! WE AREN'T WHAT YOU'D CALL SUCCESSFUL IN THE STICKS — JUST SMALL-TIME CROOKS! NOW, WITH YOU TO HELP US, WE CAN TACKLE THE CITY!



NO! I HUPPED CITY CRIME! MAYBE OUT HERE AMONG THE SMALL TOWNS IS A BETTER FIELD!

MAYBE SO, AT THAT! THERE'S PLENTY OF LOOT SCATTERED AROUND! AND THE COPS ARE ALL HICK COPS!



THEN LISTEN! BECAUSE I'M GIVING THE ORDERS!

SURE, STARK! WHATEVER YOU SAY, WE'LL DO!

Meanwhile, in the big city —



YOU'RE THE COMMISSIONER OF THE ANTI-CRIME FOUNDATION? I'M BLACKHAWK — YOU EXPRESSED A WISH TO SEE ME!

THIS IS AN HONOR, BLACKHAWK! MIGHT WE HAVE A PRIVATE DISCUSSION?





# BLACKHAWK







WELL, IF WE COULD ONLY KNOW—

THE ONLY WAY TO KNOW IS TO FIND OUT, COMMISSIONER! WE'LL REPORT SOON! COME ON, GANG!



ON LAND AND OVER SEA WE GRAPPLE MYSTERY— WE'RE BLACKHAWKS!



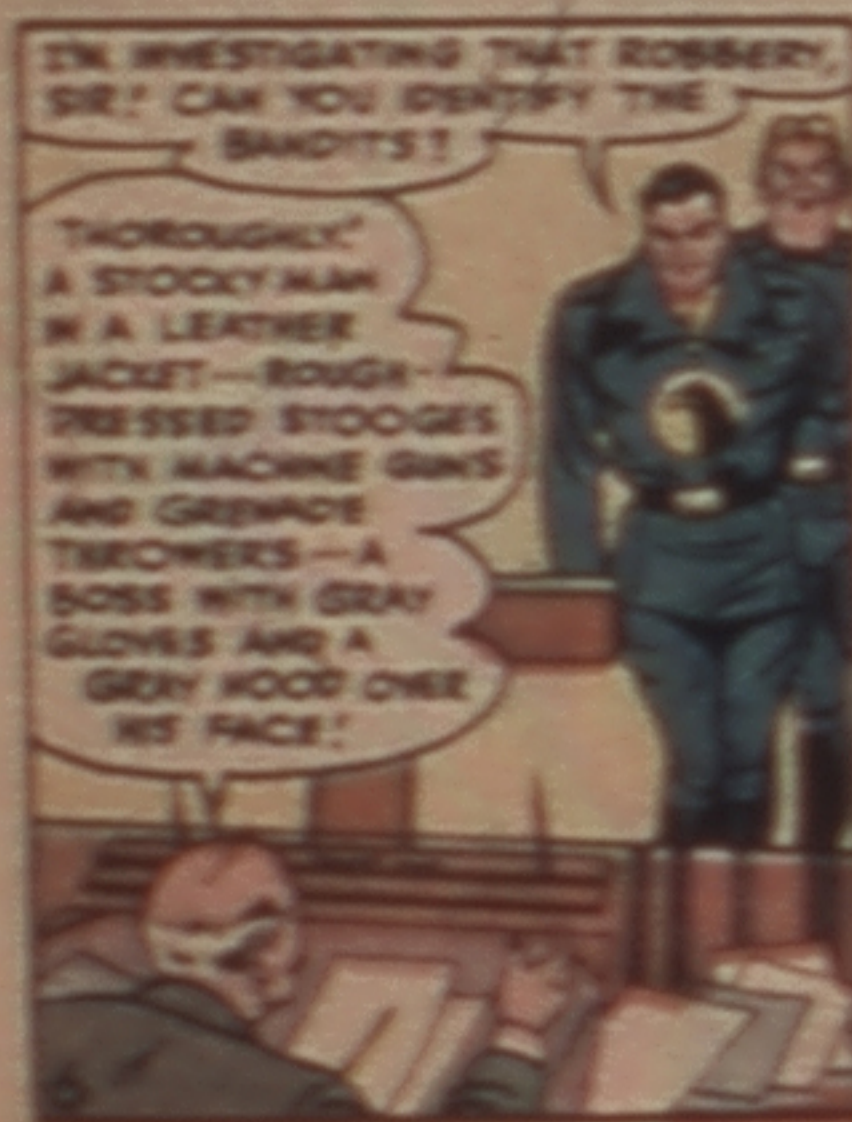
ANDRE, STANISLAUS AND CHUCK DROP DOWN HERE AND INVESTIGATE THE ROBBERY! THE REST OF US GO TO THE NEXT TOWN AND LOOK INTO THE ROBBERY THERE!

ROGAR! I'LL PHONE YOU AT THE BARK!



In the office of a worried bank official— THEY TOOK OUR LAST DOLLAR OF CASH, DEAT THEM—RIFLED THE SAFE DEPOSIT OF JEWELS AND BONDS! WHAT'S THE WORLD COMING TO?

EXCUSE ME, SIR! A BIG MAN IN A BLUE UNIFORM IS HERE TO SEE YOU! HE CALLS HIMSELF BLACKHAWK!



I'M INVESTIGATING THAT ROBBERY, SIR! CAN YOU IDENTIFY THE BANDITS?

THOROUGHLY! A STOCKY MAN IN A LEATHER JACKET—ROUGH-DRESSED STOOGES WITH MACHINE GUNS AND GRENADE THROWERS—A BOSS WITH GRAY GLOVES AND A GRAY HOOD OVER HIS FACE!



I CAN UNDERSTAND THE HOOD FOR DISGUISE, BUT WHY THE GLOVES? MAYBE—

LONG DISTANCE CALL FOR BLACKHAWK!



THAT DESCRIPTION, ANDRE— GIVE IT TO ME AGAIN!

ZE STOCKY MAN BEEN A LEATHER JACKET—ROUGH-DRESSED STOOGES WIZ MACHINE-GUNS AND GRENADE THROWERS—A BOSS WIZ GRAY GLOVES AND A GRAY HOOD OVER HIS FACE!

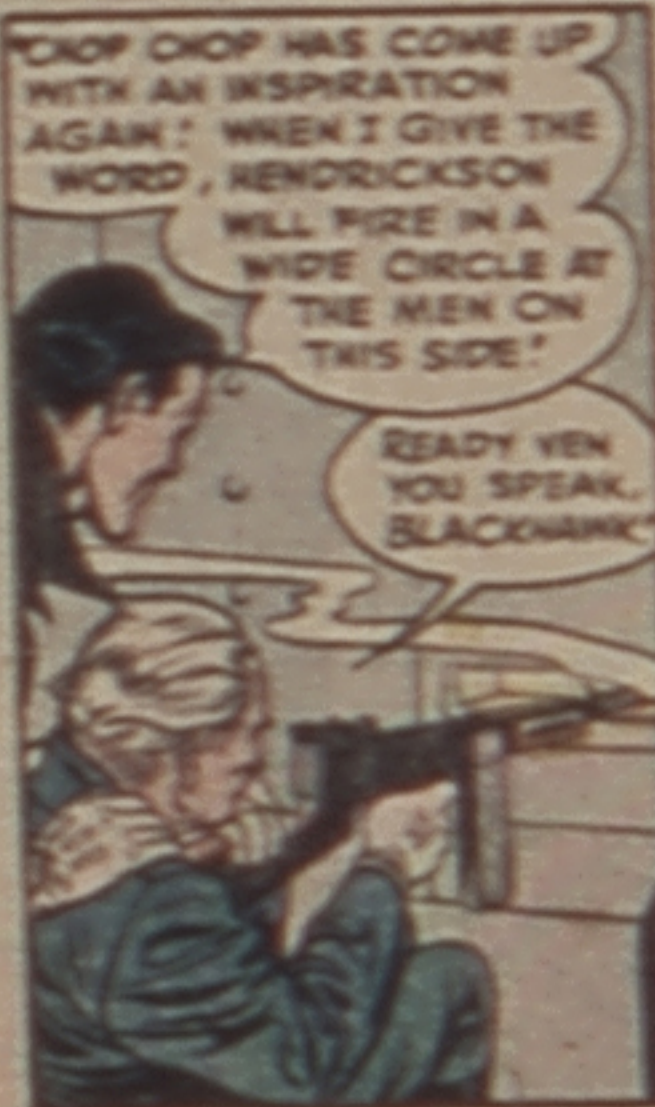
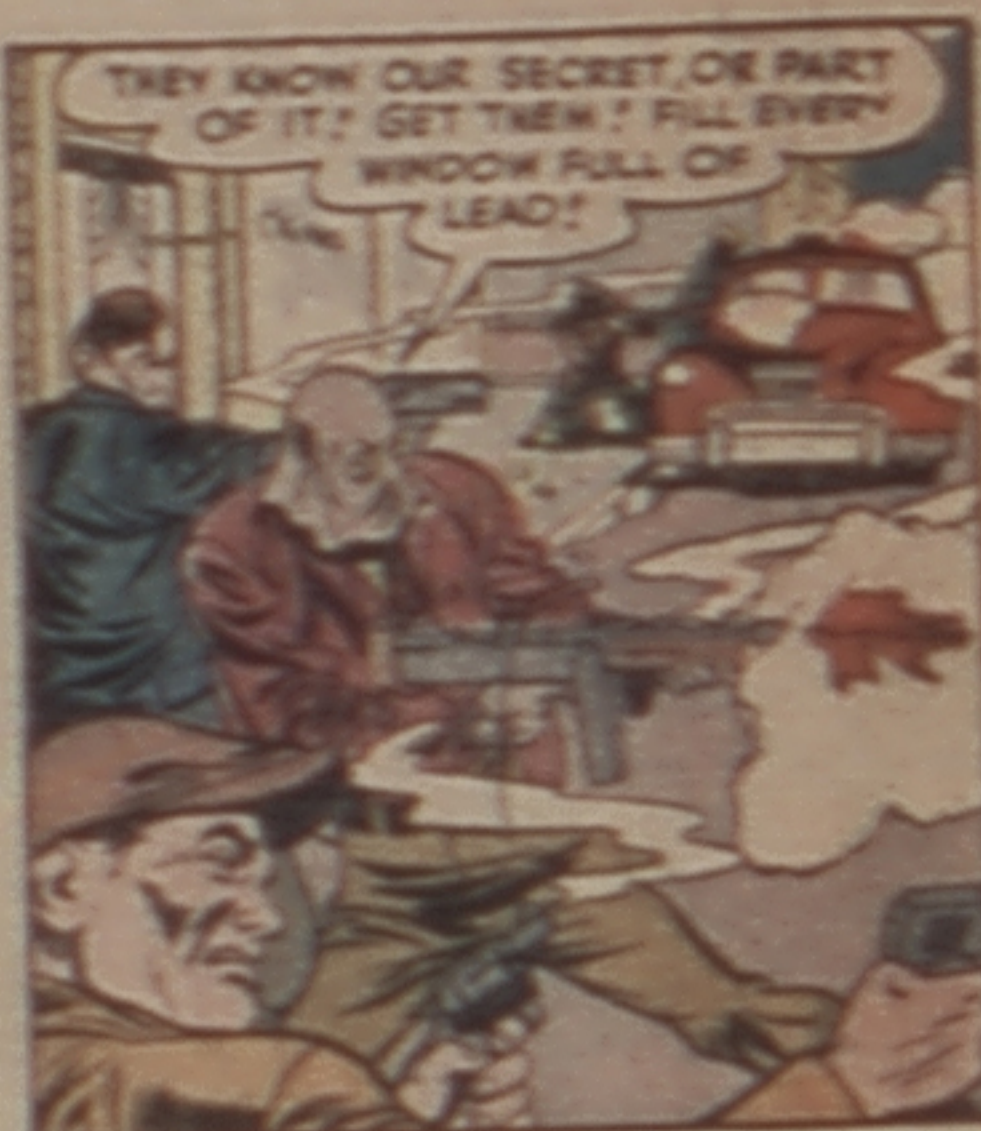














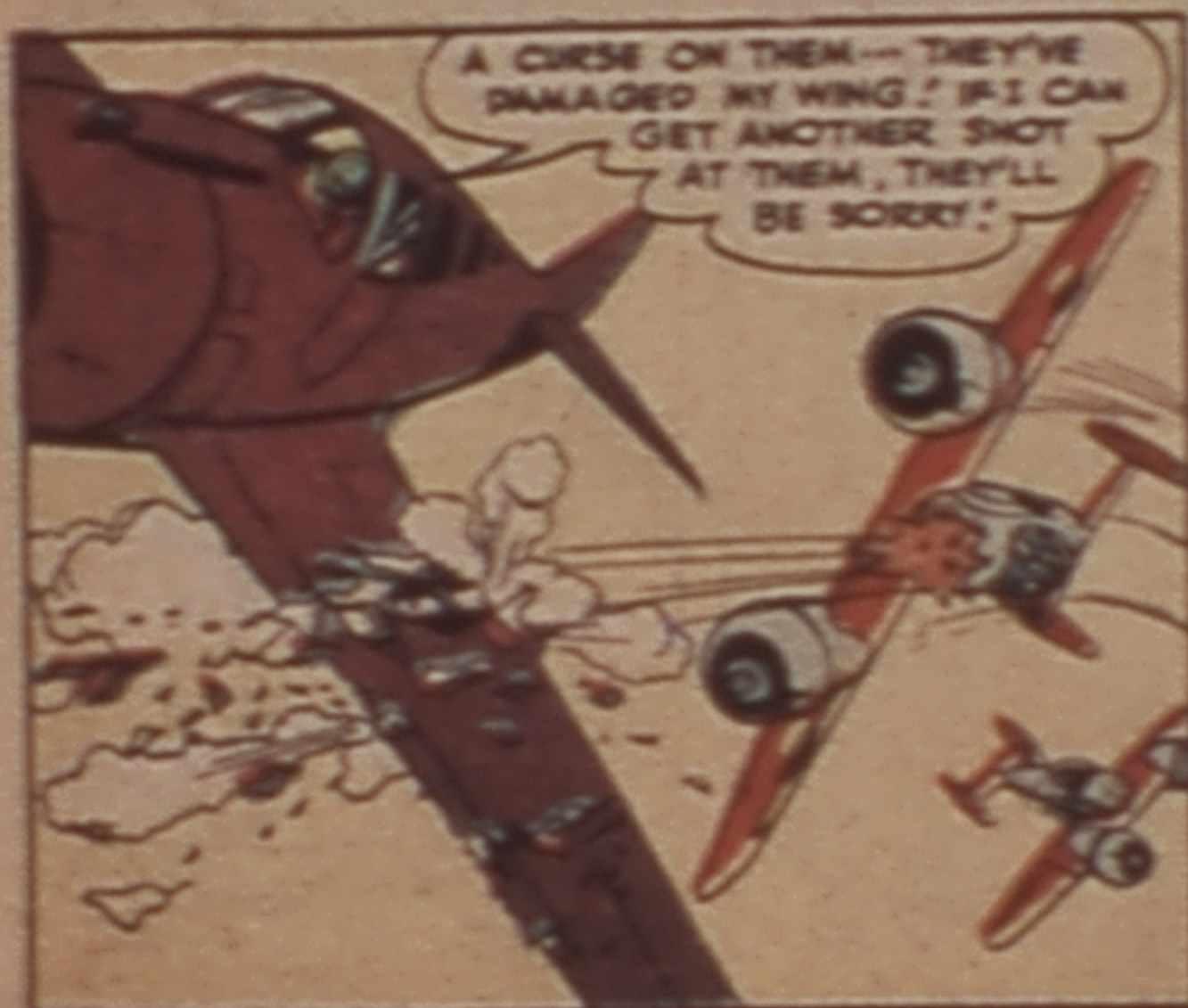
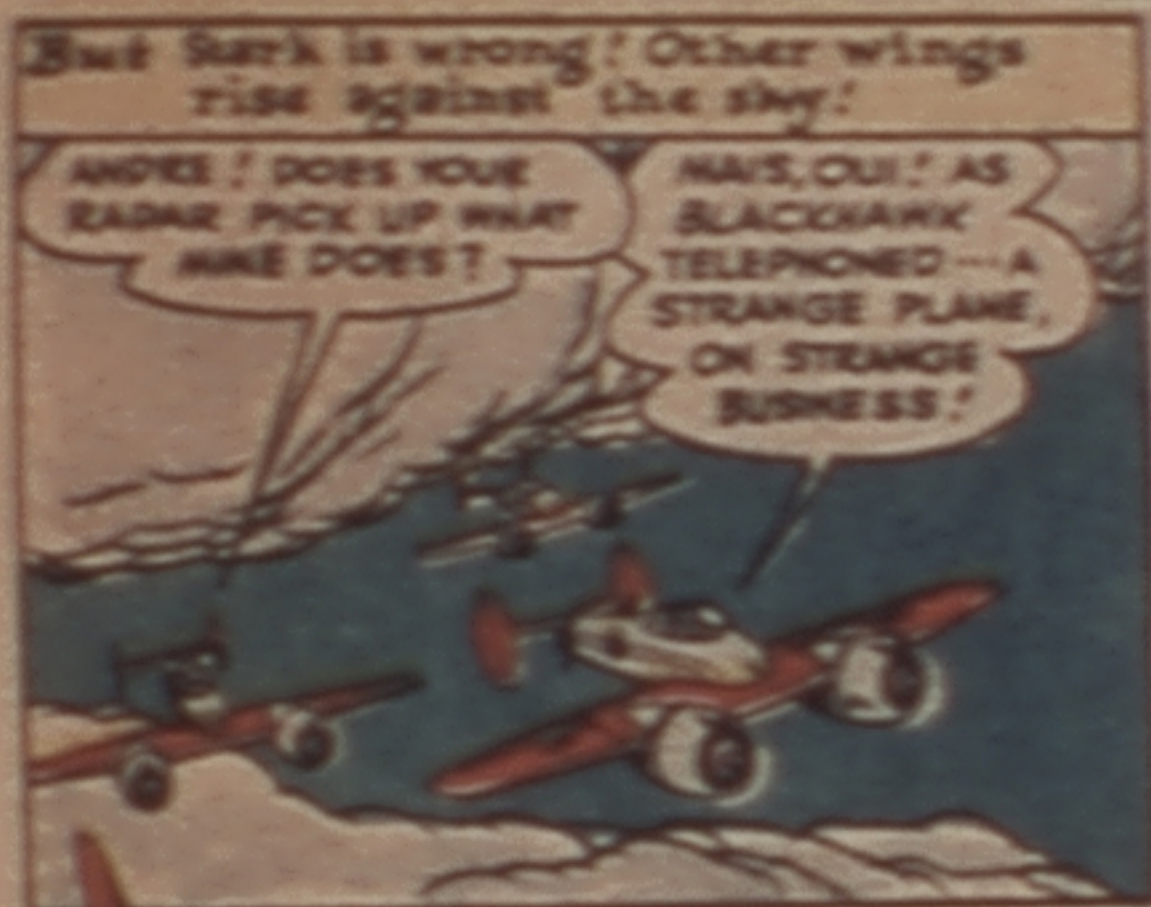




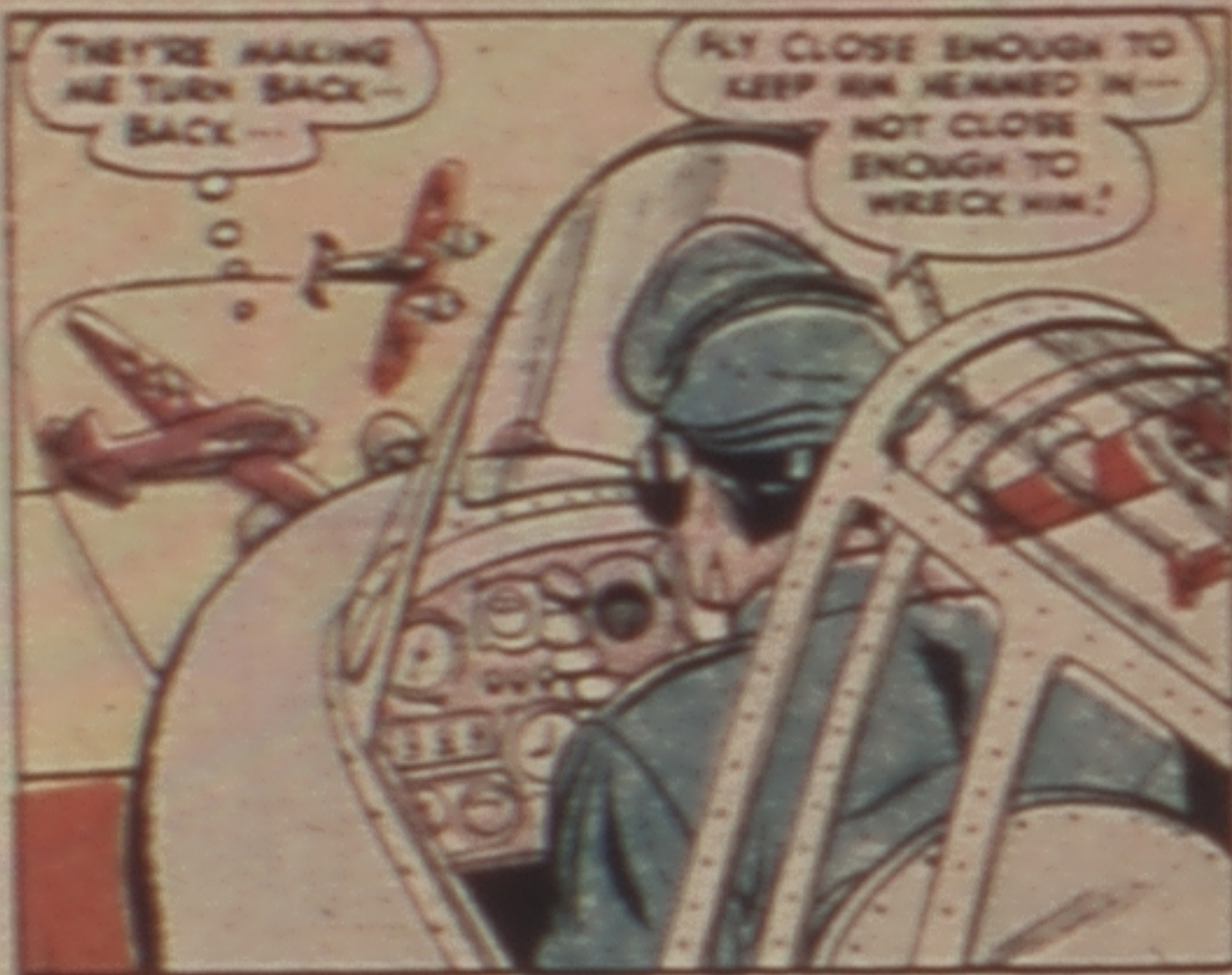




BLACKHAWK







THEY'RE MAKING  
HE TURN BACK—  
BACK—

FLY CLOSE ENOUGH TO  
KEEP HIM HEADED IN—  
NOT CLOSE  
ENOUGH TO  
WRECK HIM!



I'LL CRASH IT  
HERE AT THE  
EDGE OF THE  
CITY, JUMP  
OUT AND ESCAPE  
IN THE BUSHES!



**CRASH!**

I'VE OUT-  
WITTED THEM!  
I'LL PUCK INTO  
THE THICKEST  
COVER—



**YOU!**

YOU DIDN'T THINK YOU  
WERE GETTING AWAY,  
DID YOU? I ORDERED  
MY FRIENDS TO MAKE  
YOU LAND HERE!



YOU'RE STARK!  
YOU'VE TURNED  
GREEN— BUT  
YOU LOOK LIKE  
THE PHOTOS  
OF STARK!

YES— STARK  
WHO DIED AND  
CAME TO  
LIFE! BUT YOU  
WILL DIE AND  
**STAY**  
DEAD!



YOU POOR DREAMER!  
THOUSANDS HAVE  
TRIED TO KILL ME—  
AND NOBODY  
CAME EVEN NEAR  
SUCCESS!



THE THUGS ALL BAN IN  
LOCAL YAIL-HOUSE!  
THIS ONE—

LET HIM GET  
UP! HE'S  
FINISHED!







# BURP THE TWERP

THE  
SUPER  
SO-AN-SO

## MENU

BOILED  
NAILS  
A-LA  
RUST  
—  
FRIED  
ROCKS  
—  
DIBBLIC  
ACID  
—  
CRIPPER  
GLASS  
SALAD

AH!





**BOYS!  
GIRLS!**

**Make Your Own Models OF  
DOGS, SOLDIERS—ANYTHING—  
THIS EASY NEW WAY!**

HOW DID YOU  
GET SO MANY  
SUPER INDIAN  
MODELS?

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SENT ME THEIR COMPLETE  
MODELING KIT WITH  
EVERYTHING IN IT  
I NEEDED. SO...



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I JUST PAINT THE  
INDIAN MODEL IN THE KIT  
WITH LIQUID RUBBER  
LIKE THIS!

LOOKS  
EASY!



YOU SAID IT! WHEN THE  
RUBBER DRIES, I STRIP IT  
OFF AND I'VE GOT A RUBBER  
MOLD OF THE INDIAN.

WHAT  
DO YOU  
DO WITH  
THAT?



JUST POUR MODELING  
POWDER INTO IT, THEN  
WHEN IT DRIES, I  
REMOVE THE RUBBER.

DOES THAT  
MAKE A CAST  
OF THE INDIAN?



YUP—JUST LIKE MAGIC! NOW I  
PAINT THE INDIAN. SHUCKS, I CAN  
MAKE HUNDREDS OF 'EM FROM THIS  
ONE MOLD... SELL 'EM, TOO! YOU CAN  
REPRODUCE ANYTHING  
WITH RUBBER-FOR-MOLDS.

GEE, THAT LOOKS LIKE  
FUN. I'M GOING TO OR-  
DER ME A KIT TODAY!



**RUSH THIS 10-DAY TRIAL COUPON!**

RUBBER-FOR-MOLDS, Inc., Dept. 53L  
6044 Avondale, Chicago 31, Illinois

Please send me your complete RUBBER-FOR-MOLDS  
Modeling Kit, including 50¢ Instruction Book, for which  
I will pay postman only \$1.49 plus postage. (Send \$1.49  
with order, we pay postage.) I will return Kit in 10 days if  
I am not satisfied and you will refund my \$1.49.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

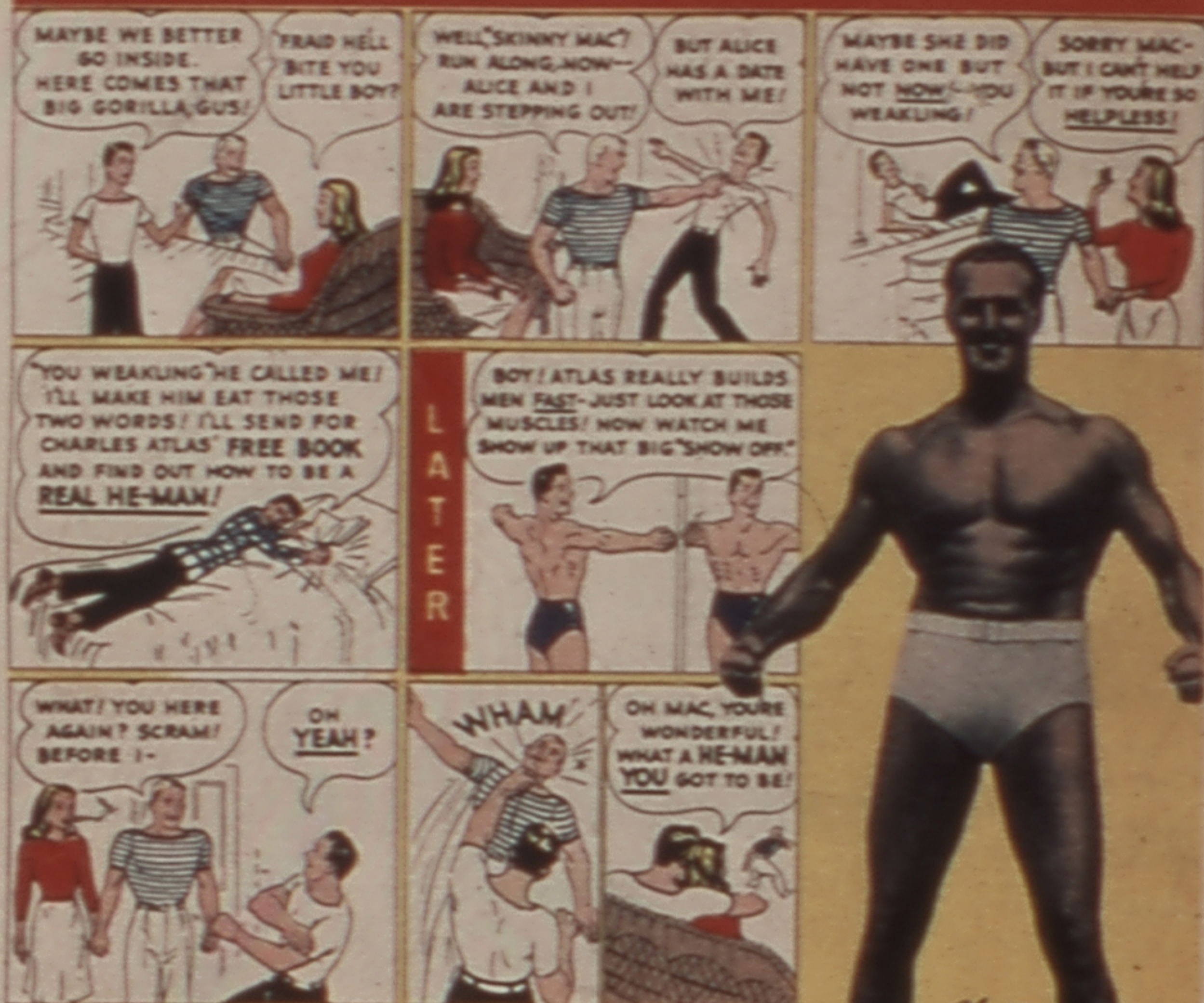
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## I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too —in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

If you (like Mac), are fed up with being "pushed around"—if you're sick and tired of having the kind of a body that people PITY instead of ADMIRE—then give me just 15 minutes a day! That's all I need to PROVE I can make you a NEW MAN!

I know what I'm talking about. I was once a thin, nervous, 37-year-old "bag of bones" not tall. Then I discovered my own famous secret, "Dynamic Tension." It turned me into "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man." And I have used this secret to rebuild thousands of other nervous, half-alive weaklings into perfect, red-blooded specimens of real **HE-MANHOOD**. Let me prove that I can do the same for YOU!

### "Dynamic Tension" Does It!

Taking "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to get on muscle, increase your chest, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. This easy, NATURAL method will

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I don't care how old or young you are, or how advanced or poor your present physical condition. You can be! If you can simply follow my plan and live, it I can add **MUSCLE** to your body—yes, on each arm—in double-quick time!

### FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they look before and after—in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Send **NOW** for this book—**FREE**. It tells all about "Dynamic Tension," shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas "super-men." It tells how I can do the same for YOU. (Don't let it go!) Address me personally, Charles Atlas, Dept. 3309, 115 East 22nd Street, New York 10, N. Y.



—actual photo of Charles Atlas, winner and holder of the title "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

**CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 3309**  
115 East 22nd St., New York 10, N.Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me — give me a healthier, busky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_  
(Please print or write plainly)

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip No. \_\_\_\_\_  
(If any)